

An Unwelcome Passenger.

By Maurice Ketten.



What Constitutes True Success?

By John A. Howland.

IN these times of success worship the person writing for the attention of the young man along lines of his life work must keep in general to the topic of ways and means to a worldly success. This comparative and superlative degree of success must be the theme to attract all attentions of all readers. "Successful" in its simple degree is overlooked entirely.

It is the fundamental weakness of the whole system of education and of the whole household growth of ambition that only after the individual has come to the graduate stage of his ambition does the world attempt to prove him capable. In the university's athletic field the trainer decides—perhaps in a moment—that Jones cannot begin to train, even as a possibility. But for all or any of the university schools Jones's possible pinhead was never measured for a bit of directing good advice on the impossibility of his attainment in his chosen professional field. A most brilliant candidate for the naval academy at Annapolis may fail merely because he is one inch under the regulation stature; but in the schools and in the field of personal ambition Jones is encouraged to go ahead, while every adviser spurring him away may feel that only failure can be the end of the struggle.

"Hit your wagon to a star," as one of the trite phrases addressed to all men, is a fool's philosophy unless it is explained and understood that the firmament of ambition is divided and subdivided into the most infinite segments representing specialized endeavor.

John, the waterman, hitched his wagon to the star of the watermen's segment and is a success. Rockefeller hitched his wagon to the star of industrialism, and is the richest man in America. Yet Rockefeller, half frenzied on a diet of imposed milk, offered a million dollars a few years ago for the merely normal stomach which John unconsciously has enjoyed for forty years.

Two of the simplest, greatest surgeons in the world are buried in a little country town in Minnesota, operating year after year upon an average of 100 patients a day. Nobody knows what these simple minded brothers are "worth." It never has occurred to either of them to make the estimate. Their own measure of their own worth is the measure of their skill in helping suffering hu-

manity. Because of this, however, I doubt if one person in ten who reads this knows that few of the famous surgeons of Europe visit America without taking a pilgrim tour to the little town of Rochester, Minn.

You don't know anything about the Mayo brothers at this little town—no. But you know of Harriman and Hill and Morgan. You have read columns and columns of the riches of Rockefeller, of the Vanderbilts and of the Goulds. And as between some man who had made \$10,000,000 in a soap works, to retire to the luxuriousness of great wealth, and these surgeon brothers who have to fight for the time necessary for sleep—you would be the soap manufacturer, wouldn't you?

Don't read beyond this question unless in your heart you have reiterated "No! No! No!" For this article is not for you unless you have said it. The whole purpose that I have in mind is that a new perspective should be established with regard to the word "success."

What is success? I admit that "success" is essential as a word and as an attainment. Its one antithesis is that word, "failure." Yet even "failure" may be softened and made worthy now and then when the cause of failure is worthy, but "success" is prostitution when the means to it are criminal. But we are inclined to worship the success of the unprincipled "success" and to scoff at the failure of the idealist "failure."

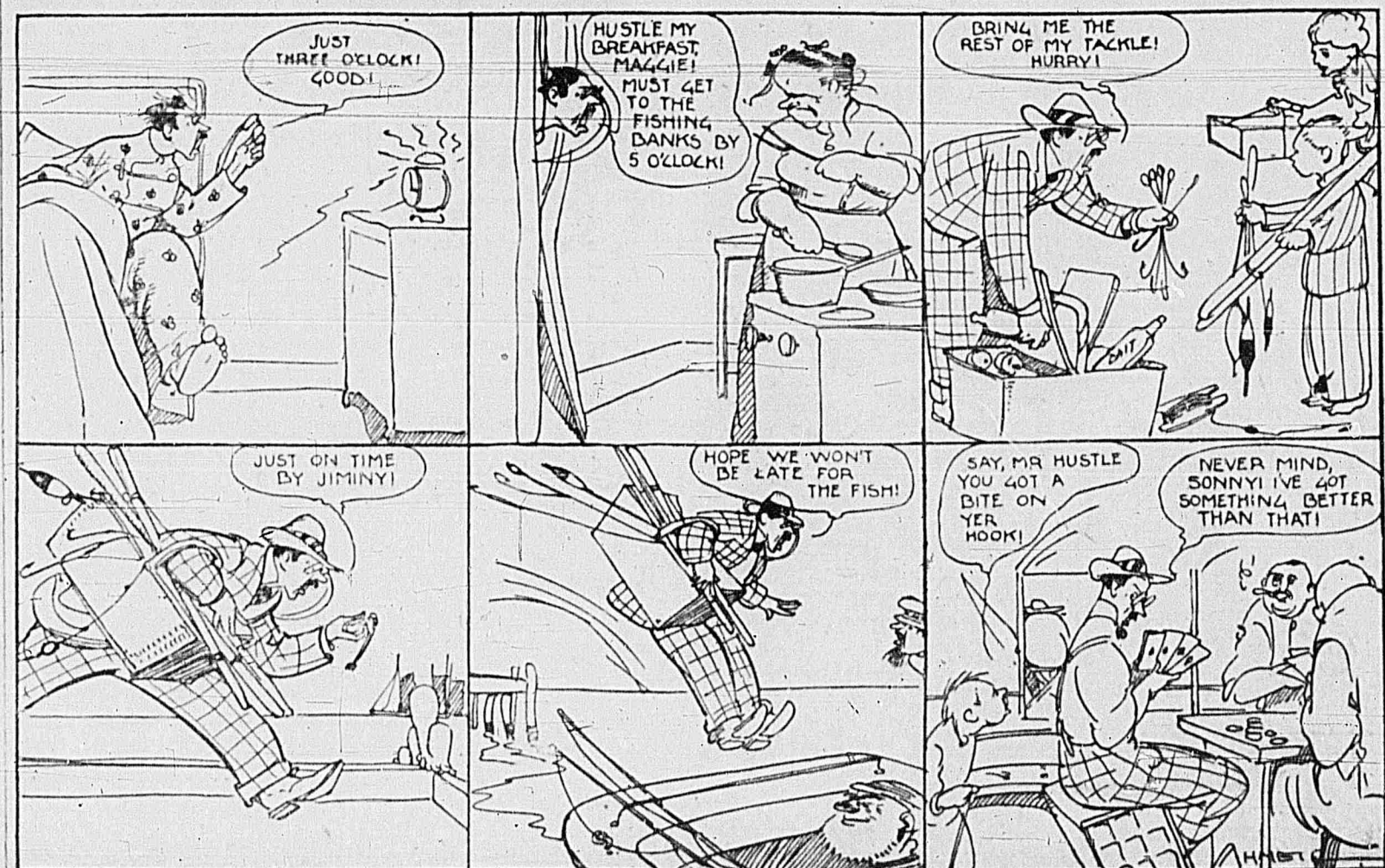
Think these things over a little, young man. They will suggest a hundred other thoughts to your better understanding.—Chicago Tribune.

A Corner in Bison.

THREE hundred bison have arrived at Calgary, Canada, by special train from Montana, where the entire herd of 500 has been purchased by the Dominion government for the new national park. Canadians thus come into possession of more than half the living bison in North America.

Bill Hustle, of Harlem.

By H. Methfessel.

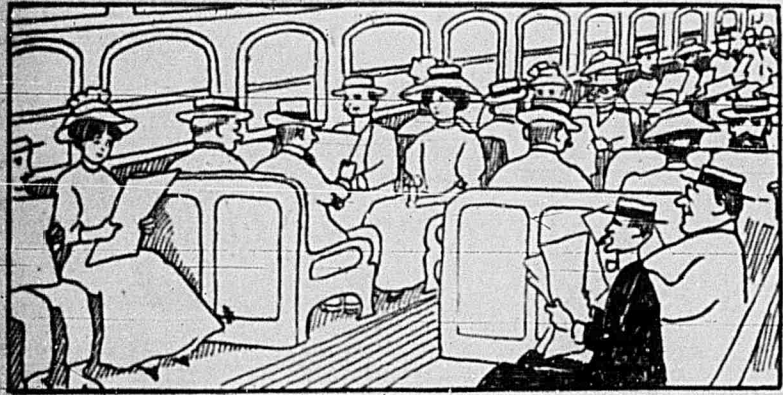


THREE ACHIEVEMENTS.

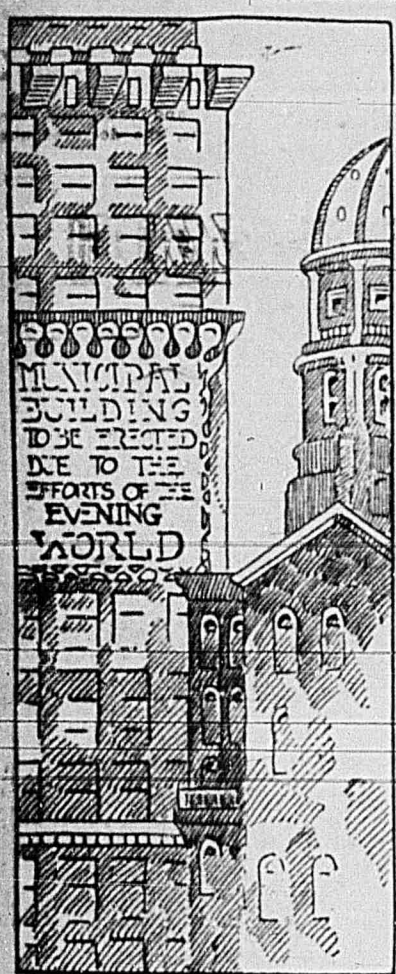
This is a successful summer for The Evening World. Its circulation has grown tens of thousands in number, which is a sign of appreciation. Its advertising has greatly increased, which is proof of the prosperity of The Evening World's readers, because an advertising appeal to a moneyless constituency is fruitless, and the success of The Evening World's advertisers is convincing evidence that its readers have money to expend judiciously.

But the business and commercial success of a newspaper, necessary as they are to its continued publication in the absence of an endowment fund or a subsidy, is not the feature of its progress upon which it is most entitled to take public credit. Its accomplishments for the public benefit, its achievements for the public welfare, its influence exerted through its hundreds of thousands of readers for the public good are matters of far more tangible public interest than the balances on the books in its business office.

Three of the public matters which The Evening World has heartily advocated are now almost simultaneously to become realities.



Of these three the one affecting the greatest number of people is the improvement of transportation. The Public Utilities Commission has taken hold of this important question in a practical way, beginning at the right end by investigating the facts, taking advantage, for that purpose, of the data furnished by The Evening World, in which the reports of the investigators of such civic organizations as the City Club concur.



The fundamental proposition of this reform is that, without building a mile of additional track or going to any considerable expense, transit facilities can be greatly improved. More trains can be run, and their loading, unloading and operation can be made more expeditious. The bridge cars can be handled to give seats to a third more people. The subway service can be increased 50 per cent. New York can run at least as many surface cars as Boston.

These things the Public Utilities Commission has the power to order, and it promises to exercise that power.

A second achievement is the Municipal Buildings bill, which was conceived by The Evening World. Instead of using the \$8,000,000 blocks between Park Row, Centre and Duane streets merely for bridge terminal purposes, there will be erected over the tracks a colossal municipal building, which will save the city over half a million of dollars in rents a year without additional expense for land.

A third achievement is the night police court which opens on Aug. 1. This should abolish the bondsman's graft, the collecting of police blackmail from street women, the needless imprisonment of innocent men and women overnight in station houses and the more speedy disposal of minor cases. It should lead to the abolition of cells in connection with station houses and the better administration of criminal justice.

For all of which every resident of Greater New York and every taxpayer, which includes everybody who does business here as well as everybody who lives here, should be reasonably grateful.

Letters from the People.

Work for the Foolkiller.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Here are some few victims which the foolkiller would greatly benefit mankind by gently erasing from the map. The fool who racks the boat, the fool who plays practical jokes, the fool who yells "Help!" for fun while in swimming, the fool who tries to slay summer thrush with "cooling" drinks, the fool who yells "Fire!" in a theatre or train, the fool who smokes in an upper window and lets sparks and ashes fall on the awnings below, and the fool who swears the piano at I. A. M. These are only a few. What reader can add to the list?

A Point in Theology.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I wish to refute the theory of the Rev. Copp to the effect that Hades is in the sun. He says that after much thinking he has reached the conclusion

that since Hades must be a lake of burning brimstone which will never burn out, and since the only such place known to scientists is the sun, therefore, the sun is Hades. I beg to disagree. When the body dies what is left is the soul. The soul being not material cannot possibly be affected by any such thing as heat. Therefore, there is no more reason why the sun should be Hades than that the earth should be. Besides, the sun is not a ball of everlasting fire, for, according to the computation of the scientists, it's bound to become extinguished within some millions of years. Whether we admit the professor's facts or not, in either case his conclusion is, to my mind, wrong. J. SHAPIRO.

At Annapolis, Md.
To the Editor of The Evening World: Where is the body of John Paul Jones buried? FLORENCE L. BOISE.

FIFTY HEROINES OF HISTORY

NO. 14.—ISABELLA OF SPAIN; the Queen to Whom We Owe America

A SPANISH princess, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, became the talk of Europe, because of the bad luck that attended her various love affairs. Later she was to have many a more vital reason for drawing upon her eyes of the world. The princess was Isabella, daughter of John II., King of the Spanish Kingdoms of Castile and Leon. (For, in those days Spain was made up of several little detached monarchies.) She had been educated in privacy, and, on coming to court, proceeded to set her dissolute fellow courtiers an example of piety and sedateness. When only ten she was betrothed to Prince Carlos of Aragon. Before the day fixed for the marriage Carlos died. In 1463, when only twelve, she was affianced to King Alfonso of Portugal. But with an obstinacy so unheard of as to scandalize the court, she refused to marry him. At fifteen she was engaged to the Marquis of Villena. He fell dead on his way to the wedding. Richard III. of England then died for her hand and was rejected. At last, in 1469, when she was eighteen, she married young Ferdinand, King of Aragon, brother of her former lover, Carlos.

Five years later her brother Henry, King of Castile and Leon, died, and Isabella managed to have herself declared his heir. She and her husband thus formed themselves rulers of nearly all Spain. Isabella had no idea whatever of letting Ferdinand rule alone. She insisted on having a voice in all matters of state, and on signing every public document. The fact of the two, she was by far the more prominent. Ferdinand declared war. She ended the conflict with rare diplomacy and strengthened her own throne. She and Ferdinand, wishing to add to their possessions and to rid Spain of infidels, now made war on the Moors, who held the province of Granada. After a desperate fight this rich territory was annexed and the Moors expelled.

This was but one of many ways in which Isabella sought to show her zeal for religion. Another method was by bringing to Spain in 1480 a custom known as the Inquisition. By this holy office, as it was called, heretics, Jews and Moors, in thousands, were tortured and burned alive. The Jews were driven out of the country and their estates confiscated. The remaining Moors were also routed out. Many Christians fled for their lives to more tolerant lands. In seventy years, under the Inquisition, the population of Spain fell from 10,000,000 to 5,000,000.

Isabella watched complacently the dire work of the Holy Office, whose motto, ironically enough, was "Mercy and Justice." She wrote in pious self-contentment: "In the love of religion I have caused great misery and have depopulated towns, provinces and kingdoms." With the fanatical joy of a harsh sanctimony unsifted by womanly or even human pity, she surveyed her work of devastation, confident in the belief that she was doing her high duty. Nor was she less rigid in secular matters. She brought puritanical strictness to bear in the formerly jolly, easy-going community and dealt justice with iron hand. Persons accused of all sorts of misdeeds, from smuggling to witchcraft, were turned over to the Inquisition's scant mercies.

It is pleasant to turn from such matters to what was perhaps the best and surely the most noteworthy act in all Isabella's hard, narrow life. A Genoese mariner came to the court of Spain to ask aid in a scheme he had for reaching India by sailing west. He was laughed at and his ideas ridiculed. But Isabella sent for him as he turned away in despair, and questioned him more closely. Feminine intuition led her to put trust in the Genoese whose theories all the wise men of Spain had apparently proven to be wrong.

She offered to finance the expedition, declaring that if there were not enough money for the purpose in the royal treasury, she would pawn her own jewels to make up the amount. The mariner whom she thus aided (thereby making him and herself immortal) was Christopher Columbus. Neither he nor she had the slightest idea that a new country was to be discovered. All they hoped was to find a western passage to India. Neither of them ever knew that the land which Columbus sighted in October, 1492, was not India. Its natives were therefore called "Indians," a name they retain to this day.

To Isabella indirectly this country owes its discovery. Yet, before expressing overmuch gratitude to the cruel, thin-lipped queen, it must be remembered she raised money for the expedition out of no apparent love of discovery nor pity for Columbus. She advanced the expenses merely as a gamble, knowing that if Columbus succeeded, she would be enriched thereby. She and Ferdinand later treated the gallant discoverer with the blackest ingratitude and after winning for them a new world he died in poverty and disgrace.

Isabella lived for twelve years after Columbus's first voyage, dying in 1504 at the age of fifty-three. She left Spain torn by religious strife, devastated by torture and oppression, and stained by a reputation for brutal cruelty that was to endure for centuries.

Just 1 Minute, Sisters!

Briefs for the Pretty Girl.

By Helen Vall Wallace.

FORGET that you are pretty. (If you can manage never to find it out, so much the better.)

Dress neatly and tastefully, and remember yourself no more till next grooming time.

Be sincere and kind as you are fair.

Laugh a lot, or be sober a lot. Be yourself.

Take plenty of exercise in the open air.

Eat slowly, and masticate your food thoroughly.

Let no selfish or unbecoming thought enter your brain. Keep your mind cool, sweet and serene.

In this way you will remain not only beautiful, but loved, admired, revered—nay, even worshipped, to the end of the last chapter.

P. S.—Don't wear one of those silly hats with a wide brim at the back, a plume dangling to your waist line, and a general appearance of perpetually reeling. Still, if you must, you must. It is comforting that a sweet face can redeem even the most villainous millinery extant.

Science Plans a Wonderful Telescope.

ON the summit of Mount Wilson, a peak in southern California, is a solar observatory which will outclass any other. The intention is to spend \$300,000 upon its equipment. Mount Wilson was selected as the site because the atmosphere there was clear and tranquil for a greater number of days than at any other place tested. The greatest reflecting telescope in the world is to be the climax of the equipment of this observatory. A huge lens five feet in diameter, eight inches thick and weighing a full ton is being perfected at the Mount Wilson Laboratory in Pasadena. To such nicely must its surface be ground and polished it will require three years to complete it ready for mounting. The glass in the rough costs \$1 a pound, says the Ohio Magazine. With great patience and the highest mechanical skill it is being fitted for its momentous work. When completed it will be transported by an auto truck up the narrow trail of the observatory and there will be mounted under rotating dome fifty feet in diameter. With this monster eye it will be possible to penetrate further into the depths of space than by any instrument ever before designed by man.

Perpetual Motion Found at Last?

DAVID UNIAPON, a full-fledged native of the northern territory, Australia, who combines a genius for mathematics with a passion for music, claims to have invented a machine which will secure perpetual motion. He is now in Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, seeking the means of testing the feasibility of his mechanism. He explains that the forces which he proposes to use are gravitation and momentum and he had some to Adelaide to seek the assistance of the Aborigines Department in procuring four bevelled wheels, a spindle, a tub and a son. He is confident that when he gets these requisites he can put together a machine which will bring perpetual motion appreciably nearer.

German "Scotch" Whisky.

MUCH of the so-called "Scotch" whisky sold on the continent of Europe is in reality cheap potato spirit, made and bottled in Hamburg. There is now a flourishing open market in that city where empty whisky bottles, with the labels intact and bearing well-known names, are bought at from 8 cents to 12 cents each to be refilled.